

This Phenomenal Spring-We have been Favored while the West and South have Not-The Philosophy of Good Cheer-Ignorance Gives Us the Dumps-Intelligence Rolls Our Burdens Off-Whatever Is May Be Best.

(Written Specially for The Bulletin.) ple for supper. Take it on the whola, a dog better than the man who breaks Most of us farmers are acquainted perhaps we do just about as well on with grief—agricultural grief. We with grief—agricultural grief. We don't have to wait for the newspapers to find out things that are the matter with us and our crops. We know several volumes of trouble before the agile reporter gets round to nose it out and print it. Some of us are vertiable print it. Some of us are veritable tanks of teare—always full and running over. We don't have to be tapped to start the flow—all one needs to do is to point a finger at us and we break out into a perspiration and exudation and precipitation of woe. Either the weather ain't right, or the seed ain't good, or the ground's too cold, or the sun's too hot, or a horse goes lame, or a cow gets sick, or the hens have the roun or the price of eggs goes down. roup, or the price of eggs goes down-

It's merry hades to pay all the time, and no pitch hot, with a great many of us. We get so used to brooding over our mishaps and losses that we end by nourishing them into black gamecocks big enough to frighten us. The result is that we—many of us, that is—get into a state of perpetual misgiving. We're all the time dreading tomorrow, forever looking over our shoulders to see if some new bogie isn't chasing us growing stoopisn't chasing us; growing stoop-shouldered under the weight of the misfortunes we have had or are hav-ing or fear we're going to have. Thus we help eclipse the gayety of nations —to say nothing about making our-selves wretched and everybody else

It's been sort o' stay-in-doors weather of late with me, and I've been weather of late with me, and I've been reading the papers, some fresh ones and some a little staler. Say, when we farmers of New England read about that end-of-April snowstorm and freeze-up through the west and south, it strikes me that it's a mighty good time for us to stop our aniveling and time for us to stop our sniveling and sing a song of thankfulness to the good Lord for his mercy in making an exception in our favor!

l read of snow and ice in Chicago and St. Louis; of wind and elect storms breaking down the fruit trees which were even then in blossom; of \$30.00,000 damage done to fruit and vegetables in nine states; of ice making in Texas, and of the young cotton in Georgia being frozen in and killed. Then I go out and look at my asparagus bed coming up with thick, sturdy sprouts not one of which has been hurt by freezing, and my green peas ready to bush and unyellowed by frost, and my onions and spinach and lettuce and beets and carrots and parsuips aiready past their first oultivation, and my early potatoes pricking the rowe. I even hear of one ambitious farmer aradener who has had sweet corn up for almost three weeks. Suppose that back-lash of old winter which struck the west and south during later April bad come our way? Eh? Where would we have been? Are we mighty tucky fellers, or aren't we?

looked at my watch it was dinner time. I felt still better after dinner—I generally do, don't you?—and took in the afternoon to read up some back in the afterno

Of course, we're sorry for those who tost. But it isn't within ordinary human experience that anybody can be quite so sorry for the other fellow's bad luck as for his own. I suppose those people out west and down south ere sincerely glad that we didn't get the dose which poisoned them. But, again, it isn't within common human experience that they can be half so glad of it se we are—or ought to be. What I'm thinking, these days, and what I want to suggest to my brother What I'm thinking, these days, and what I want to suggest to my brother farmers of Connecticut is that we're being treated very kindly, in comparison with some others. Also, that it's just as easy to grin when we get a good thing as it is to whimper when the whip cuts. Furthermore, likewise, and in addition thereto, that it is a mighty mean dispositioned horse which lays up against its master an occasional whipping, but is never grateful for the semi-daily oats poured before it by the same hand.

fine and we profit all the time. Therefore, as in our school training in simple arithmetic we were taught when
to "dot and carry one," so we can afford to dot down our memory of this
present streak of good luck and carry
it over to be set down when the next
cloud comes along with its shadow of
misfortune.

#### BLOCK ISLAND.

Pequot Hotel Renamed-Rite of Bap-Anniversary.

There was a supper and dance in Masonic hall Saturday evening. Mrs. J. R. Barber left Saturday for

Baltimore, Md., where she will make a short stay.

Ellmer Day has gone to Providence, R. L., for several days.

Waukesha is the name now on the cid Pequot hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Rose have returned from the south.

Lester Dodge of Providence is visiting his mother, Mrs. Uriah Dodge.

At the First Baptist church Sunday, in the presence of a large gathering, the pastor, Horace A. Roberts, D. D., baptized two candidates, Mrs. Basha Littlefield and Laura Milliken. Averil F. Sparks, formerly of Boston, was received into the church by letter.

with meat gravy.

with meat gray.

The other day I had planned to do a certain bit of planting; had the ground and seed all ready. When I got up, it was black and overcast; later it set in to rain. All day it drizzled, fust enough to keep things sticky and nasty and prevent working the slow drip of the caves and the leaden dulness of the lowering sky and noting impatiently how laggardly the hours were passing, I began to get low-spirited. Click! went my watch-case; only half-past ten, and it seemed as if I had been already a week waiting for the rain to stop and the clouds to roll away. The world began to get black and the future blue. So I yanked a shingle out of the bunch and began to tally down what I could remember of the spring weather. I found, at last, that of the thirty-sevenths of the weather had been able to own an automobile should think that the Golden Rule was not intended for him.

Phil Felch didn't know that a savings bank was a safer place to keep money in than a hole in the chimney until the hole bankrupted him.

A busy hen is not at home to callers in the morning. Duty first and pleasure afterwards is her motto.

A poor cow on the farm is like a poor relation that cannot be expected to pay his way.

The farmer whose cows only look clean in the spring after they have shed their hair isn't likely to have first class milk to sell.

The farmer who speaks gently to his animals and harshly to his wife is the fillbuster I never can get any respect for. unhappy about.

Then came the thought: "Why the other seven were good too—perhaps a deal better than those we called good. Look at this rain; the ground was getting dry; now it is being irrigated for me for nothing and the wetting down my crops are getting will do them ten times more good than I could do with all my tools and seeds if I had been able to get out on that corn-patch." About that time the world began to look real rosy once more. The clouds kept on dripping, and the wind kept on sighing, and the eaves-troughs do things. kept on gurgling. But I appreciated, all of a sudden, that the whole show all of a sudden, that the whole show was for my benefit, and that I was a lucky farmer, once more. And then, when I threw the shingle down and looked at my watch it was dinner time. I felt still better after dinner—I generally do, don't you?—and took the afternoon to read up some back papers, get a nice little nap or two, in between, and generally idle about as lazily as if I had four hundred and eighty million dollars, and a bank to

these apparent misfits, it might be well to find out whether that "want" of ours was right or not. The mere fact that I want something doesn't make it the best thing for me to have. The fact that I most emphatically don't want something else doesn't eliminate wholly the likelihood that it may be the very the likelihood that it may be the very bost of all possible things for me. I don't know all the secrets of the universe; you don't know them; no one knows them. We don't even know all the whys and wherefores of ourselves, physical, mental and spiritual. We see part of the checker-board of life, but we're never wholly sure whether the game is played according to the rules of checkers or of chess. Nor do we know all the rules of either of those games. There are quite a few moves that we aren't up to, yet. that we aren't up to, yet.

When we do strike it rich and jolly, it by the same hand.

I think you'll agree with me that we've "got no kick coming" this time. Now please go a little further. Remember that all life is a series of ups and downs, a mixture of good luck and bad luck, a sort of tandem of pleasure and pain, and that it is neither fair nor decent to expect that the other fellow shall have loss all the time and we profit all the time. Therefore, as in our school training in simabout everything as we think we know about everything as we think we know about some things. It makes a big difference whether you think of the world as a great big chaos, a sort of scrap-heap in an illimitable junk-shop or as an orderly engine, being driven to a glorious final arrival along absolutely strategy tracks. to a glorious ham account to a glorious ham tracks. There's a tremendous clatter and clutter among the mendous clatter We shall catch it, sometime, without sloubt. We are no more frost-exempt than we are tax-exempt. Them, when we do, let's recall this spring with our smaxing good fortune, and take the compensating evil uncomplainingly. It tell ye, farmin' ain't what it used to be," Uncle Jed Prouty is quoted as sing. "Why, we used to have hot ple for breakfast every mornin' when I was a boy, and cold ple for dinner and smother pie for supper." I guess he's about right there. The most of us can't have, or at least don't have pie for breakfast and pie for dinner and

tenth anniversary of his pastorate

tism-Gift to Dr. Roberts on Tenth Swedish Girl Breaks Evening School Records.

From an immigrant girl who did not understand one word of English to class poet of the graduating class of her school, all accomplished in nine months, is the record of Miss Ingeborg M. Peterson, a strikingly handsome little girl of 15 who has broken all records for the Boston evening school. records for the Boston evening school

Baltimore, Md., where she will make a

The little girl landed in this country about nine months ago, and was obliged to go to work. She entered the lowest grade of the Hancock school and soon began to surprise her teachers with her knowledge of English. She passed through the grades almost at the rate of one a week and found herself in the graduating class before her first season was over. She was not only bright and pretty, but popular, and was chosen class poet by her 12 classmates, with the approval of her teacher.

The poem, according to Maurice F. The little girl landed in this country

AS JOB JOLT SEES IT

Clipping dead wood out of the fruit trees and out of our character always

Cy Cymbal's promises and Bill Bangs' prophecies appear to be hot air of the same quality.

Samantha Sawyer says the average man thinks that he is the master of the house when he isn't.

Joe Jagson gives notice that old cider is not a Bible beverage, if Parson Pokeberry does stimulate pious choughts wien it.

Deacon Dill's crop of righteous indignation is always large. If his field crops averaged as high and regular he would be the master farmer of the

These cows that make great milk records are fed on something besides English hay, bren and shorts,

I like the man who trains a colt or

I can't tell why the man who is

tract at wholesale and reserved for himself the hams and shoulders, was charged the retail price, and he owed the butcher \$1.85 when the transaction was closed. Look out how you

That Maine farmer who bought a farm of 35 acres for \$100 ten years ago and sold \$2,800 worth of fruit from it in 1910, was not a Sam Snodgrass.

Gazing at the sheep industry here in New England gives no hint that the sheep of the world have been increased 91,000,000 since 1871. The goats are more than likely keeping up in the race.

An Illinois woman is said to have made \$12,000 last year from her dairy and Sariah says we must keep more cows to get rich; but I'm of the opinion a herd of 60 would bankrupt us.

The Missouri orchardist who sold a barrel of big red apples at \$77.50, a little over 25 cents apiece, got fancy prices. Few farmers ever meet the conditions under which a thing like this can be done.

#### MUSIC AND DRAMA

"Chantecler" is to be produced in

James T. Powers may use "Havana" for a third season, owing to his success in the piece.

Vesta Victoria has arrived for a western tour in this country. Later she will appear in the east.

The Liebler company will soon produce the stage version of Hall Caine's latest novel, "The White Prophet."

Henry W. Savage has engaged Lionel Walsh for his original role in "The Florist's Shop," to be brought out next season as a musical comedy.

Edgar Selwyn, who will star next season under the management of Henry B. Harris, in "The Scarecrow," is the husband of Margaret Mayo, au-thor of "Polly of the Circus" and other Eddie Foy will be the feature of the cast which the Shuberts have em-ployed for their summer review, "Up and Down Broadway," that will be presented at the Casino theater, New York, after "The Chocolate Soldier"

ends its run. Vaudeville patrons do not want pas-Vaudeville patrons do not want pas-tels, they want impressionable pic-tures painted with the greatest splashes of color. In this their wants have been satisfied at the Colonial theater, New York, this week by Julius Steper in a one-act drama, "The Way to the Heart."

One of the great names in modern music is Edward Elgar, ranking with Strauss and Debussy, the first Eng-lishman since the Elizabethan age to be accredited a genius. His dream of charms of Gerontius was declared by the late our frient work since "Parsifal."

Lottie Collins, formerly a well-known music hall artist, died Sunday in London of heart disease. Miss Collins, a favorite in the English music halls, and later on the continent and in America, danced and sang herself into fame with the ditty, "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay." The song was credited to Charles Blake, formerly a resident of Brookline. Mass.

of Brookline, Mass. The Review says: "The amount of money paid Mr. Hammerstein for the Phialadelphia grand opera house, contracts with singers, rights to operatic works, scenery, properties, good will, etc., was about \$1,000,000 instead of \$2,000,000, as was first announced.

Justice Hughes.

Mr. Hughes may serve 22 years on the supreme court bench before he reaches the retiring age of 70. If he continues after that as long as Chief Justice Fuller and Justice Harlan have he will serve 30 years. Fuller and Harlan have both intimated that they will not retire except by death. They are each 77 years old. The question whether Gov. Hughes has a promise of appointment to the chief justiceship when Justice Fuller retires is not imat the First Baptist church Sunday, in the presence of a large gathering, the pasted the presence of a large gathering, the pasted two candidates, Mrs. Basha Littlefield and Laura Milliken. Averil, F. Sparks, formerly of Boston, was rescived into the church by letter.

Gift to Paster on Anniversary.

As Dr. Roberts was about to commence the service. Sunday morning, Deacon John Mott presented him an envelope containing a sufficient sum of money to defray his expenses to the field and Laura Milling schools, was one of the best national Baptist convention being held on Chicago, Illit this being subscribed for Chicago, Illit this being subscribed for Chicago, Illit this being subscribed for Chicago, Illit this being subscribed by the friends as a token of their application of his services on this, the



THREE PRIZES MONTHLY: \$2.50 to first; \$1,50 to second; \$1,00 to third. Award made the last Saturday in each month.

EVERY WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITY.

The Bulletin wants good home letters, good business letters; good help-ful letters of any kind the mind may suggest. They should be in hand by Wednesday of each week. Write on but one side of the paper. Address, SOCIAL CORNER EDITOR, Bulletin Office, Norwich, Conn.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS AND KIND WISHES.

"Arethusa" of Brooklyn, taker of the second prize for April, writes: "Check received for \$1.50 you kindly offered for second prize. I thank you very much—it is very acceptable! I am much pleased with all the columns of the "Courier" and interested in the new department. Shall try to send something to help as often as I can."

"Rural Delivery," of Killingly, a gentleman who has interested himself in the Corner writes: "Thinking the Social Corner would be a great thing for the rural districts as well as others, I have tried to help make it a success. The Social Corner is gaining a large circle of friends every week, and without doubt will be the means of adding more names to your subscription

Wishing the Social Corner a grand success, I remain, very truly yours, This kindly, well-wishing spirit is very pleasing to The Bulletin,

Good Cheer and Good Popovers.

ure afterwards is her motto.

A poor cow on the farm is like a poor relation that cannot be expected to pay his way.

The farmer whose cows only look clean in the spring after they have shed their hair isn't likely to have first class milk to sell.

The farmer who speaks gently to his animals and harshly to his animals and harshly to his wife is the filibuster I never can get any respect for.

The abandoned farms of 25 years ago are forest lands now and are no longer listed as anything but wild lands.

A farmer who sold a hog under contract at wholesale and reserved for When the Social Corner: Please let me come into the Corner long enough to say three cheers for the farmer who wrote The Farmer's Talk to Farmers that appeared in The Bulletin of April 23d. I hope ail the S. C.'s read it. Yes, there are lots of good men and women, and lots of new and beautiful things in the world today, and I wish we could all cultivate a desire to find the good and beautiful and omit the bad, unless we can make it better. It is an old and true saying that we find what we are looking for in this world. We all make enough mistakes so that our spare time may well be spent correcting them, and then we will have no time left to criticize others' faults. Let us not be cynical, knowing that each one of us has a certain power over others, and it will go at least a little ways toward doing away with cynicism.

When the Social Corner: Please let me come into the Corner long enough to say three cheers for the farmer who wrote The Farmer's Talk to Farmer's

cynicism. When the Social Corner sisters want something nice for luncheon, try my popovers: One cup of flour, one cup of milk, one-fourth teaspeen of sait, two eggs. Put the flour and salt into a bowl, add the eggs, unbeaten, and add the milk, gradually, beating well. Pour into heated, groased muslin pans and bake one-half hour in a hot oven.

APPLE BLOSSOM.

Colchester.

Some Folks Have Considerable to Say.

Editor Social Corner: I had a brown spaniel named Mollie. She caught fourteen pullets in twenty minutes and never broke a feather, for a party who did not come when they agreed. He pointed out the pullets he wished and I said: "Mollie, get it."

I now have a yellow spaniel, Dill Dee, six years old this month, and he will not take any food from anyone but me or mind anyone but me. I have a bat-eared, Boston bull, yellow brindle, four months old, very intellectual, and for mischlef and real grit she cannot be eclipsed. I call her Attah.

I also have a very pretty old-gold colored Angora cat, Jupiter; and a white cat named Spider.

I had a gray and white dog I called Cloud. He was a shepherd. I read in my paper, The Bulletin, about naming dogs—some folks have considerable to say, and I am no exception to the rule.

say, and I am no exception to the rule

Spring Delights.

Editor Social Corner: As I look out on nature these charming days and see here and there a stray violet or a gay dandelion. I think how each year the same beautiful advocates of spring appear to enthuse us with the lovely productions the season brings for our eyes to feast upon. Then I hasten to put some seeds in my garden; the many fixed mastarriums, the sweet secanted sweet peas, and others. Then I look for these seeds put in the soil likes, roses hardy pinks, hollyhocks, climbing roses and vines combine to adorn any cottage lot, while hardy Spring Delights. scented sweet peas, and others. Then I look for these seeds put in the soil made adaptable for their growth, watching after a few days for their tiny fingers to make their advent from the soil, and I wonder how these little seeds are progressing where I cannot see their modus operandi; but how wonderful it all is, I first get the see their modus operandi: but how wonderful it all is. I first get the seeds, plant them as directed, and then the transformation takes place, little by little, until I go out one of these delightful mornings and am so well pleased to discover that really they have arrived. Their small points (fingers I call them) have come through the soll and really look as though they wouldn't object to spaking hands with me; and now that they have progressed thus far I am watching yet a little longer, when I expect to see the many hued biossoms looking up and saying plainly: "How do you do?" Yes! Well, they have paid me for the small care I have given them—nature did it all. It seems truly marvelous if we pause to study a bit. It seems as I look at the follage upon the trees that they are vivid with all shades that green can take, the variegated sweet apple blossoms, too, are among the daintiest. I think that every bit of ground should be made beautiful by caring for the landscape by putting a lovely flower here and there to enhance the the landscape by putting a levely flow-er here and there to enhance the charms of our gardens and to make our friends and neighbors glad that NASTURTIUM.

Train Children When Young.

Editor Social Corner: The little chiloren who are made to feel that it is a delight to do some little thing to help mother or father get a good habit and never lose it. The time to commence to mother or father get a good about and never lose it. The time to commence to train the minds of children right is when they are very young. This is also the time for them to acquire habits of industry. Habits of industry addigo to life continuously. The humoring of little ones in play and idleness, in extreme selfishness, is the commonest mistake made by parents. The little fellow who gets up early and carries the papers, or who works at night to help maintain the family is to be envied rather than pitied. You may think that he is learning to be a man too young, but the easlest bearers of the burden of life are those who began to work young and to whom work comes as a second nature. It is in the home where the children help that there is most pleasure. most pleasure. A. WORKER.

The Beauty and Beneficence of Gardening.

to spring forth from Mother Earth, that all cares and troubles are forgot-ten and we are as happy as birds. What can be better for nerve troubles? Let all nervous women try this cure: I once knew a young woman just on the border of a nervous collapse who was told by her physician to try gar-dening. She did, and the result was

And it is not all for our own benefit

And it is not all for our own benefit we may work, but for the pleasure we may give others in giving them the floral treasurex, thus soothing and comforting many a sick and lonely one.

I believe the subject of agriculture is a live one, and the more said of it the better. I am sure if ways and means could be devised for using some of the waste hand around us, and get those boys who have nothing to do interested and at work on this line, it would solve some of the boy problems confronting parents today.

I think it would have a moral uplift, for one cannot commune with mature without naturally being drawn towards the great Creator. So, I say, keep the subject aginated in your paper, and you will surely do good.

Norwich.

Norwich.

Enjoys the Social Corner. Editor Social Corner: I desire to congratulate The Bulletin upon the number of good writers the Social Corner has called out. To be frank, I enjoy the short, gossipy letters best, of which "Rural Delivery" steadily furnishes a good model. It gives me a homey feeling to sit down and read the good things suggested and set forth homey feeling to sit down and read the good things suggested and set forth in these letters every week; and I am getting so that I look forward to the day of their publication in pleasant anticipation. I see that they are going to be a help and a joy to many, many home-workers. Those mothers who speak from the heart through this corner are true missionaries; those housewives who tell the members how housewives who tell the members how to make things for the home and how to do things for the pleasure of the family are true helpers. The spirit of the corner is bright and inviting and more are coming. A READER.

Preston. Flowers for Cottage Grounds.

Editor Social Corner: The pretty yard is the one tastefully planted with hardy shrubs and plants, and if the borders are well planned there will be adorn any cottage lot, while hardy bulbs like crocuses, tulips, hyacintha and narcissus, with flowering bulbs for summer use, make a brilliant dis-play without the annuals, which are numerous. Easily grown and showy masses may be produced from zinnias. masses may be produced from kinnass masturtiums, maryels of Peru, French marigolds or petunias, It is not so difficult to beautify a yard or lawn it one goes intelligently at work to do it. Preston. FLOSSIE.

The Home.

Editor Social Corner: The word home means a sreat deal. The civilized man, though he wander to the ends of the earth, has one dear spot ever to his eye and heart,
"One small spot
Where the tired mind may rest

Where the tired mind may rest
And calls it home."
Each one prizes their own home and always takes an interest in making it attractive within and without.

Trees and shruts add much of beauty and comfort to the country home if wisely selected and planted; a few beds of flowers beautify and help the appearance of the grounds; and, within, while there may be much that is tasty and pleasing to the eye, it is very nice to have things arranged for convenience and comfort—to have fuel and water convenient to the kitchen.

It will save many steps and make the work more easy for the tired mother who has so many duties to perform.
The daily task is not a task but a de-

er who has so many duties to perform. The daily task is not a task but a delight when it is taken up to further the joy of the household.

The question of literature in the home is one of much importance. Money spent in good books and papers is well spent, and affords pleasure and profit, and much valuable information is thereby gained.

How much children love their homes, and they can make themselves useful.

How much children love their homes, and they can make themselves useful, too, in many ways, keeping the door-yard neat, and helping about the flower beds and the chickens supplied with clean drinking water. Many little things may be performed by the little folks, and gladness will be reflected on them by those helped.

Brooklyn. ARETHUSA. ARETHUSA. Brooklyn.

A Good Scrap Book.

Editor Social Corner: The young, the middle aged, and the old folks are becoming more and more interested in the Social Corner and can hardly wait for the paper to come to read the many interesting letters that are printed weekly. Why not clip the Social Corner columns from the paper and paste them in a book? It would make a fine scrap book, full of information from

cover to cover. RURAL DELIVERY.

thing in its place; and, when cleaning, clean one thing at a time; have a good lot of food cooked, so there will be nothing but potatoes and meat to cook while one is doing the work; and begin in the attic and clean up and settle that, and then take another room and work down, cleaning and settling each room, one at a time, and leave the kitchen until the last, and by so doing there will be no fuss and everything and everybody will not be stirred up and cross and tired out. Let the little ones help by carrying out small things and dusting, and tell them how smart they are and what fine men and women they will make. Let the boys have as nice and pleasant a room as the girls and teach them to keep their rooms neat; and it is also a good plan to teach them to cook and do housework. C. V.

How to Be Happy Though Working.

Editor Social Corner: It seems queer that people will maintain an opposing mind—will have "the-don't-want-to's." From a knowledge of people I do not believe the hookworm has much to do with it. To learn how to hustle and when to rest is more than achievement—it is an accomplishment. It is poor policy to get up tired and drag through the day's work chafing every minute. I know that a feeling of weariness is often easily overcome by strict attention to duty and small attention to feelings. We wear off the handicap of discomfort often by persistence. Duty is never drudgery where love is. Industry never approaches slavery where one is conscious of a purpose of doing good. To think right is full half the battle of life. To make the mind our servant as well as our hands is not only possible but necessary. Such workers are always happy workers. MERRY MARTHA. How to Be Happy Though Working.

Home is the Place to Show Good Qualities.

Editor Social Corner: What do you think about the men who are crabbed at home and mostly pleasant cheevalures? Is home the place for a husband to show his cynical and dyspeptic qualities?

Norwich. (Home is the place for husband and (Home is the place for husband and wife to show out the best that is in them. Patience and love should dwell therein; and if they do, all is usually well. When men or women are tried they are most likely to be out of sorts, and many a thing is said then in haste to be repented at leisure. The fault-finding habit is a bad habit; and it some people spent half as much time in charitable meditation as they lend to revengeful consideration of their wrongs, things would go better. It takes only one to be mean, but two to start a equable, and usually when there is turmoil in the house two are engaged in it. Men who are mean at home and pleasant elsewhere do not deserve to have a home.—Editor Social home and pleasant elsewhere do not deserve to have a home.—Editor Social

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